



romeo's tune

heyobsessions

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Summary:

Home, Eddie thinks—this is what home feels like.

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Author's Note:

(romeo's tune: <https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=3rf8YBm0sxg>)

Eddie is, well, Eddie is scared of a lot of things.

Germs, obviously. Dirt, if that counts as a separate thing. Poison Ivy. Heart Failure. Failure in general. Clowns. Dark shadows, sometimes his own. Swiss Cheese. Walkie-talkies. Parrots. Lots of things.

Eddie is also scared of Senior Year Richie.

Senior Year Richie is different from normal Richie, for a number of reasons.

The ripped, cropped jeans he now lives in. The curls in his hair. The angles of his cheekbones. His height of 6'3" (which he has announced more than once). His hands—somehow beautiful; long and pale and narrow.

To put it into simpler terms, Senior Year Richie is *hot*.

Eddie always thought Richie was hot—they've been dating since they were 15, for fuck's sake. But now Richie is in a whole other world of hot, like, intimidatingly hot.

Eddie remembers this fact, with a shock of reality, when they're walking to Richie's house from The Aladdin. They've starting opting for walking over biking recently, mostly as an excuse to hold hands on the way.

That's what they're doing now, Eddie's own hand swamped in Richie's giant one. Richie has on an obnoxious red jumper, far too big and baggy on his skinny frame. He has his coke bottle glasses, of course, and those damned ripped jeans.

His hand is soft in Eddie's, their arms swinging gently between them. They are quiet, something that happens more now that they've grown up a little. The street is quiet too, and it rained earlier, so

everything's a little smudgy, a little blurred. It's early autumn, now, the trees just starting to molt.

Richie starts to hum something, a song Eddie doesn't know, causing him to look up at his boyfriend, his own outgrown and curly hair getting in his eyes. He takes his hand out of Richie's to push it back, and Richie moves to drape his arm over his shoulders.

He continues to hum, growing louder now that he sees that he has Eddie's attention. Their eyes meet, and Richie smirks, still humming the same tune. Eddie thinks he must have forgotten the rest of the song, since he keeps at the same little phrase over and over. Eddie's eyes flit over Richie's face, and his heart blooms in his chest, so he grabs at the hand over his shoulders, squeezing it tightly and averting his eyes to the ground. One of his shoelaces is undone.

"Meet me in the middle of the day, let me hear you say everything's okay,"

Richie finally sings, a barely there, breathy sound, but pleasant all the same. Eddie gets goosebumps, but that might just be due to the t-shirt he's wearing.

Thankfully, they arrive at Richie's, slipping up into his room. Eddie immediately feels lighter, a feeling he gets every time he's in Richie's room.

It's just so Richie, like every little piece of him is littered through the space, filling even the air with his voice, his smell, everything.

The gray and white checkered bedspread, gathered at the foot of the twin bed nestled in the corner. The big mustard jumper draped over the desk chair. The ink doodles Bill did in class, taped up in a collection on the wall. The stacks and stacks of CDs, titled things like *"stan's least favorite songs"* and *"songs to kiss eds to."* The half-empty cigarette pack on the nightstand, the dusty Physics textbook in the corner, the endless Starburst wrappers on every surface, even the dirty socks in the middle of the floor.

Every square inch has memories, ones they've made together, and Eddie can plot out their past four years in this small space, a small

haven for the two of them.

Eddie leads the way into the room, grabbing the yellow jumper and stepping out of his shoes on his way to the bed, folding himself into it and immediately snuggling into the covers, now pleasantly warm.

Richie snorts, already kicking off his Vans to come join him. “Comfy?” he asks, weaseling his way under the covers, effectively kicking him in the shin.

“Yep,” Eddie pops the ‘p,’ tilting his head up for a kiss.

Every kiss is special, in Eddie’s opinion. Every kiss is special, but not unforgettable. Somehow, he thinks the forgettable nature of each kiss only makes them more special—Eddie feels lucky to have so many kisses to share with Richie that he couldn’t possibly remember them all.

There’s the hello-goodbye kisses, littered throughout the day, the sugary sweet and chaste kisses. The heated ones, lost in a flurry of limbs under the shroud of blankets and dark, and the slow, tempting ones, that leave them both just a little breathless.

This kiss is tinted with Eddie’s watermelon chapstick and Richie’s smoky breath, with smooth lips and the wet slide of a sweet tongue. Eddie can taste cigarettes, can taste the popcorn Richie ate at the movies, but he can’t find it in himself to care. Not anymore. Eddie may be scared of germs, but not Richie’s.

Eddie pulls away, and Richie looks at him like he’s the best thing he’s ever seen.

That prospect is a little too much to handle, right now, so Eddie tucks his head into Richie’s chest, tangling their legs together.

Richie pets his hair with one hand, humming that tune again.

Eddie grabs at Richie’s free hand, threading their fingers together. Richie’s ring finger is painted black, probably Bev’s doing. Eddie pulls the hand closer, leaving a kiss on the painted nail. Richie chuckles at him, but it’s a breathy sound, overwhelmed.

Eddie thinks he wants to melt inside of Richie, stay there together, forever embedded in each other. He wants to share the pain he knows Richie has, deep down, and let himself release a bit of his own. Nearly forgotten memories, flashes of dark, swamped out by the light between them.

Eddie feels like he could cry, but he's too happy. It's something he's still not used to; the way Richie makes him feel.

Richie says they are destiny; times like these make Eddie believe him a little more.

"Love you, Rich," he mumbles, pressing a kiss now to one of his knuckles.

"You too, Eds," Richie replies, sounding a little muffled, a little distant, caught up in his own feelings.

Eddie settles back into him, listening to his boyfriend hum a little more of the same song—something has helped him remember the rest of the lyrics, it seems.

Home, Eddie thinks—this is what home feels like.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading :)) these boys hurt me